Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1914 Number 22

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TO LOVE, AT LAST, THE VICTORY.

There was a man who saw God face to face.
His countenance and vestments evermore
Glowed with a light that never shone before,
Saving from him who saw God face to face.
And men, anear him for a little space,
Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
Those whom the light did blind rose angrily;
They bore his body to a mountain height
And nailed it to a tree; then went their way;
And he resisted not nor said them nay,
Because that he had seen God face to face.

There was a man who saw Life face to face,
And ever as he walked from day to day,
The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path he trod in loneliness;
And each deep-hid inscription could he trace;
How men have fought and loved and fought again;
How in lone darkness souls cried out for pain;
How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
Was red with blood of men slain wantonly;
How tears of pity warm as summer rain
Again and ever washed the stains away,
Leaving to Love, at last, the victory.
Above the strife and hate and fever pain,
The squalid talk and walk of sordid men,
He saw the vision changeless as the stars
That shone through temple gates or prison bars,
Or to the body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean action of the life that is,
The marvel of the Life that yet shall be.

—*David Starr Jordan*

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes ....343
Reluctant Giving ....344
THE PULPIT—
The Greenwood of the Heart.—Edwin A. Rumball ....345
CORRESPONDENCE—Joseph Fort Newton ....347
CONTRIBUTED—
The Baroness Von Suttner.—Edwin D. Mead ....348
My Library. X.—Smith Baker ....351
EDITORIAL—
Notes ....327
What to Do With the Creeds ....329
CONTRIBUTED—
Fighting for the Flag.—Lucia Ames Mead ....330
SELECTED—
The Higher Patriotism.—*F. L. Hosmer* ....330
The Unitarian Name.—*C. A. Murdoch* ....334
A Great Citizen—The Life of Gerrit Smith.—Chapter XIV.—Charles Edwin Perkins ....331
THE STUDY TABLE—
The New Hymn and Tune Book.—Albert R. Vail ....336
THE FIELD—
A Rochester Letter.—Edwin A. Rumball ....354
Tower Hill Letter.—Jean Russell ....354
Thinking.—*The Inquirer* ....354
17 Perfect Babies Out of 100,000 ....354
Lillian Russell to Beauty Seekers ....355
Profits in Apple-Growing.—*Farm and Fireside* ....355

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR Ice Cream
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue,
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
*All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.*
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
COLLEGE COURSES lead to Bachelors' Degrees.
HOME ECONOMICS Training Course for Teachers.
SEMINARY admits to Eastern and Western Colleges.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Piano, Voice, Violin, New Two-Manual Organ.
ART, ELOCUTION, ATHLETICS. Location combines advantages of city and country. For information specify College or Seminary catalogue. MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

WANTED
To purchase from a congregation that has discarded them, copies of the booklet, "Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles," issued by Unity Publishing House, Chicago.
Write, stating terms, to B. PICKMAN MANN, 1918 Sunderland Place, Washington, D. C.

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914. Number 22

## ROAD SONG.

These to be thankful for: a friend,
A work to do, a way to wend.
And these in which to take delight:
The wind that turns the poplars white,
Wonder and gleam of common things—
Sunlight upon a sea gull's wings,
Odors of earth and dew-drenched lawns,
The pageantry of darks and dawns;
Blue vistas of a city street
At twilight: music: passing feet;
The thrill of Spring, half joy, half pain,
The deep voice of the Autumn rain—
Shall we not be content with these
Imperishable mysteries,
And, jocund-hearted, take our share
Of joy and pain, and find life fair?
Wayfarers on a road where we
Set forth each day right valiantly;
Expectant, dauntless, blithe, content
To make the Great Experiment.

*The Craftsman.* —*Constance D'Arcy Mackay.*

---

The Norwegian Lutheran and Danish Methodist Churches in recent assembly have put themselves on record in favor of the anti-saloon movement and of national legislation upon the subject.

---

The *Chicago Post* sees a time not long distant when even the city of Washington, one of the wettest of cities, will go dry by national legislation. Senators and Representatives are beginning to get ashamed of themselves.

---

The Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, Wales, which has been the training school for the Welsh Unitarian ministers for a century or more, reported at its last Commencement thirty-one students as "fitting for the degree of B. D. of the University of Wales at various stages." This is probably a larger number than in any of the so-called liberal theological schools in America.

---

The *Chicago Daily News* calls the corner in the convention hall where the International Sunday School Association met in Chicago in which were exhibited the result of the Scientific Temperance Federation of Boston a "gloom corner." Nobody could smile over the diagrams that indicated the number of little children who have been carried to an early grave or to an asylum as the result of alcohol.

---

The City Council of Chicago has decreed that all saloons and cafés in Chicago must banish their booths, stalls and curtained recesses. This ordinance was passed as a result of an investigation and agitation on the part of the South Side Woman's Club, who found that these booths were causing the ruin of many girls. The woman host is marching on. Their victory over the debauching and disgusting saloon business is certain and sure.

---

In these days of "memorial arches" and "monumental" landmarks it is interesting to note that there is a movement a-foot to link the state of New Jersey to that of Pennsylvania with a new bridge reaching from Camden to Philadelphia, which it is proposed to call the "William Penn Bridge," and another bridge from Burlington to Bristol in the same region to be known as the "John Woolman Bridge." What a splendid mingling of the ideal and the practical, the historic and the utilitarian service is here indicated. We would go a long ways out of our way in order to cross the "Penn Bridge" and circumstances permitting, we certainly would come home another way in order to cross the "Woolman Bridge." Here is a suggestion to the Canadian-American Centennial Committees.

---

The beginning of the building of a "Shinn Memorial Universalist Church" in Chattanooga deserved the fitting celebration of the 28th ult. Mr. Shinn was a devoted missionary of the Universalist Church in the South and he has left behind him the fragrance of a consecrated life, and we are glad that his name is to be perpetuated in this fashion in Chattanooga and that it is to be to a degree a monument erected out of love of friends widely scattered through all the southern states. There is place for an open church and the need of a liberal gospel in Chattanooga. Many years ago the present writer helped dedicate an All Souls Church, erected under the auspices of the Unitarian fellowship at this place. It is a pity if these believers in the one Father and representatives of the universal hope and the unrimmed brotherhood of man will not get together, work together and rejoice in the advancing cause of the universal brotherhood and the inclusive faith in this Mountain City of the South.

---

Albert Cook Meyers, editor of a new "Complete Works of William Penn," reports in *The Friends' Intelligencer* that "new manuscripts are being continually turned up. Over twelve thousand letters of

Penn have been found; less than three thousand of these have ever been printed. The material now assembled fills about seventy large quarto volumes overflowing three steamer trunks in travel. The printed works may reach to fifteen octavo volumes." The thoroughness with which the search is being carried on on both sides of the Atlantic will take three years more at least before the matter will be ready for publication. William Penn deserves all this attention and more, for aside from the deserved honor that gave his name to the great state of Pennsylvania his conquests were pacific, his vindication of the methods of peace and his practical refutation of the logic of war and his rebuke to the warlike spirit makes him a prophet of modern times.

---

He who contributes a great hymn makes a priceless contribution to the better life of the future. If this hymn is so great as to inspire its own music and call forth a tune worthy of its great measures the contribution is still greater. Next to giving a hymn that calls into being a new tune destined to become a part of the worshiping lore of a people is the fitting of new words to old favorite tunes, setting the new thought to familiar harmonies. Dr. John Coleman Adams, who has done so much for the better Sunday School instruction of the Universalist denomination, has recently contributed a new hymn to be sung to the old music of "Forward Be Our Watchword," or "Onward Christian Soldiers," entitled "Thy Kingdom Come": a hymn which is instinct with the broader fellowship, the newer thought and the universal hope. We are glad to pick it up from our neighbor, *The Universalist Leader,* and give it habitation in our own column. Thank you, Brother Adams, let others go and do likewise.

---

Benjamin Chapin has achieved a nation-wide reputation as "The Lincoln Man." Nature has endowed him with a body strikingly Lincoln-like. With scarcely any stage accessories he is able to startle those who knew Lincoln with a life-like likeness. But this would not go far were it not that he is endowed with a mind that can grasp the Lincoln ideals and a histrionic gift that enables him to enter into the Lincoln feeling and to express the Lincoln sympathies. Mr. Chapin has traveled widely through the country giving his Lincoln monologues and has brought unsolicited tributes from the best of the nation. This triumph justifies great expectations for the next venture, which would be unwarranted audacity in one without Mr. Chapin's reputation and ability. He proposes to give Lincoln in a series of moving pictures, a "photo drama," displaying the principal events in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He promises to carry these silent dramas beyond biographical limits and show how Lincoln would deal with present day problems. The men of applied science and practical arts have conquered the physical obstacles to a moving show. The cinemetograph is a great triumph, one of the most marvelous achievements of Edison and his colleagues. But like others of the physical sciences and material interests of today it has outreached our spiritual power of assimilation. It has got ahead of, if not away from, our moralists and our educators. The next quarter of a century will see great triumphs for the moving picture on the rostrum, in the schoolroom and in the pulpit, and we look forward with lively interest to the success of this next venture of Mr. Chapin. We expect great things from him in this direction. We heartily bid him good cheer in his high role as Lincoln interpreter.

---

## Reluctant Giving

"He gives twice who gives promptly!" is an old adage which might well be improved by saying: "He gives thrice who gives cheerfully!" Who will analyze the psychology of the sullen giver? Why do people offer oblations to the devil with a smile while they lay their offerings on the altar of the Lord with a frown? How anxious men and women are to conceal their extravagances! How prompt under certain provocations they are to shield themselves from their duties and the privileges behind their "benevolences" more or less publicly displayed.

One experienced in work for large causes and soliciting funds for the support of public interests testifies to the "limited number of contributors anywhere who give without a little sting with it." One who makes a generous subscription grudgingly misses the grace that ought to gladden the generous heart and uphold the generous deed. Says another correspondent: "It is really those who have to sacrifice something who give cheerfully."

Surely, if the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver," many of the donors of the present day miss the divine benediction.

Why is it that promoters of high causes, successful solicitors for high co-operation on civic lines and community interests are popularly styled "beggars" and their solicitations are called "begging," and men and women, too, who affect high manners, who pretend to good breeding, who greatly resent any suspicion of incivility, habitually neglect the primary courtesies to those who offer them life's rarest privileges and in one way or another bring to them life's sweetest joys? We refer to the privileges of co-operation with the noble in the interest of high causes and public weal and the joys, than which there are none sweeter, that go with disinterested service.

Is it the unconscious sordidness in human nature that hoards beyond its needs and covets beyond its merits? Is it because faith is so weak that it lays hold more confidently of dollars than it does of that which dollars can bring? Is it because the primal instincts of self-preservation still assert themselves in realms where self-preservation should give way to the conservations of the community and the serving of the public?

The civilized dog enmeshed in luxury, removed beyond the slightest anxiety concerning food, he whose meals are assured and whose dangers are those that come from overfeeding, still yields to the training of hard times and strenuous individualism lived through by his long-ago ancestry and carefully buries the bone which he will never need in a place which he will never remember and for a purpose never thought out.

"Oh, but the multiplicity of beggars!" "The causes are so numerous!" "The daily appeals so persistent!"

Well, what of it? The pauper is not troubled with such appeals. People are considerate of the poor man whose battle for the bread that will feed himself and his children is a daily strenuousness. If appeals are many, is it not because circumstances are affluent your way? "In proportion as it has prospered you," is the demand of ethics, the claim of justice, the responsibility of power and the opportunity of religion, and those who help bring these demands home to our hands and our consciences are our best friends, our co-workers who share with us the common burden of public welfare. Why, then, should we treat them ungraciously? Why then, should a deed meant for kindness carry with it the sting of unkindness, a cruel recoil of the gun that wounds the shoulder that directs the aim?

Are we growing poorer? Are our beneficences leading us to the Poor House? How many men are rendered impecunious from wise giving? How many men or women are made miserable by their unwise economies? It is more possible to hoard money than to wring from hoarded money a blessing.

To some is given time, to some ability to conceive and execute, and to others to earn and hoard. The world lays its demands with equal promptness at the foot of each of these, and we will not excuse selfishness in the one any more than the other. Whether it be time, talent or money, in Heaven's name let our benefactions be as free and cheerful as they are generous. The "grouchy" giver may send a blessing but he receives none and in his wealth he suffers from solitude. He has missed the benedictions of his Lord and has never justified in experience the great text ascribed to the Master: "It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

## THE PULPIT

### The Greenwood of the Heart

A before-vacation sermon delivered by
EDWIN A. RUMBALL
*Minister of the Unitarian Church at Rochester, N. Y., June 28, 1914*

Every heart has its greenwood, every life has its inner sanctuary where the spirit will go for strength and refreshment. Some of us call it the golden city; some, the Forest of Arden; some speak of it as simply communion with God. For those who have no vacation it is a continual vacation, for those who never go away for rest it is a constant escape for a peace that the world does not give and cannot take away. "Men seek retreats for themselves," says Marcus Aurelius, "houses in the country, seashores and mountains; and thou art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether the mark of the most common sort of man, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself." Do you wish a path through the woods, within thyself thou shalt find a forest of the soul whose quiet paths no earthly wood can compare; do you wish for the music of the sea, then within is the very ocean of God. That all this is true, I think we shall all admit; whether we experience much of it or not, I think we all feel that the fact of its existence is one of the things to rejoice in in life. Many a lonely and neglected one finds in such a dream life, forests and seas and greenwoods that never could come in any other way. Through the imagination God has given the soul a perpetual world of beauty to enjoy; image after image, symbol after symbol will call to the heart the things of the spirit and the deep things of God.

The point to which I want to ask more attention, however, this morning does not call into question the existence of this inner world of the spirit, but we would like to know whether we should be content with it. Should we belittle the forest and seas and all the actual beauty of this earth because the spirit has its own peculiar forests and ocean? Does God only speak with us when we close the door against the earth and listen in the quiet of the soul to his voice? Surely the gospel of the divine which we hear in the shop and kitchen, school and office, and everywhere in the world of nature, is as much the gospel of God as that which we hear when we close our eyes to all these things and pray! I shall not be content today if I can only convince you of the desirability of the greenwood of the heart; I shall not be content if I only call attention to the manner in which the soul can worship amid the greenwoods of the earth; what I would like to do would be to relate both of these greenwoods and make it appear that the greenwood of the heart is not a separate world from the other greenwood; that we cannot shut ourselves away from the trees and the country at the behest of such saints as Antoninus Marcus, for if we do, the greenwood of the heart will suffer. Even as a true love for the beauty and restfulness of nature depends upon the true receptiveness of our hearts and their willingness to open the spirit to the skies and the seas; so also a true enjoyment of the forest of the soul depends to a large extent on the manner of touch and acquaintance which the soul has with the forests of the earth.

It was by no chance that the mystics of India, who were among the first to speak of the spiritual forest, were themselves dwellers in woods. It was because their bodies dwelt in a forest that their souls found a similar resting place.

If the strong and true life is dependent upon a certain association with Nature, we find ourselves at once against the old question of how the ancients who showed little appreciation of nature, yet lived such strong lives and never seemed to need a vacation. Nature seems, in the sense in which we are using it, to be almost absent from the Illiad. If Homer describes beautiful districts, he usually does so in the terms of utility. They are "fertile," "rich in wheat," "horse feeding," and so on. He tells of hearing a peasant one day praising the magnificence of a cultivated plain covered with vegetables, while showing the greatest contempt for a picturesque piece of woodland. The ancient poet seems to sing only of those whom Nietzsche would call the supermen. The poet Schiller says that the later Greeks, artistic as they were in their appreciations and blessed with so genial a climate, "only described a landscape as they would a weapon, a shield or a garment." "Nature seems to have interested their understandings more than their feelings." It is common to note the further fact that all that is here said of the Greeks can be said of primitive peoples everywhere. Humboldt in his "Cosmos" points out that, in a long catalogue of pictures of his time, Philostratus mentions quite as an exception the description of a volcano. The Romans often passed through Switzerland, but none have left us a record of any beauty noted there. Cæsar, when he crossed the Alps, composed a treatise on Grammar "to beguile the tedium of the journey." It is said that the mountaineers of Switzerland today are never heard to express rapture about their mountains, and I recall that in Newfoundland, which is the Norway of this western continent, I never heard of much love for the fiords and bays from the fishers who dwell there. Yet this last fact may be interpretive of all the others. If these quieter and more primitive peoples are unexpressive concerning the restfulness and beauty of nature, is nature wholly alien to them? The mountaineer of Switzerland may never thank God or tell how glad he is to man for his mountains, but the grace and strength of those hills is his also. He cannot escape them and unconsciously they work their way into his soul and make him like unto themselves. Dip a little below the surface of these peoples, and we shall all admit, I think, that what scholars have said about the lack of appreciation for nature which can be found in the ancient poets, is no criterion of their association with nature. Perhaps if the ancients had been cut off from nature for many months of each year, and locked up in large cities and hidden in offices and factories, the bounding joy at getting into the country for a month or two each summer would have found vent in some poem or story. But their normal life, even in their cities, was far more in touch with nature than ours, and what was normal to them did not call for remark or song. If we were to list the powers by which they lived and grew strong in spirit, we should, I feel sure, have to speak of the forest and the hills and the sea.

Then the worship of the heart for nature's greenwood does not always come in words and song. The silence of Homer or any other poet may not mean as much as some would think. That our modern poets can sing of nature does not necessarily mean that the ancient poets never felt what the moderns sing. There are many of us that are poets but we never sing. Our heart bounds and dances at the beauty of the earth; our spirit prays at its majesties and glories, but we are silent. I once had my home at the foot of a mountain, and often at the dawn of the day I would climb its sides in order to quietly sit and let something of its greatness find its way to the soul. I have spent the night in tiny fishing boats on the Atlantic and seen the gleam of the entangled fish in the gloom of early morning, and watched the sun rise out of the sea, so that it seemed as though the birth of another day was like the creation of the world over again. But I cannot, could not tell, what these things meant to me. Early this morning,—it must have been about two o'clock last night,—I watched the rain coming down watering the earth. It was a beautiful sight to see the grass drinking it; but I cannot tell you what God said in the rain; his words were spirit, they were life. His words through nature are words which make men and women, and I shall not believe in any kind of justice existing in this world till the God in you and me shall make it possible for all, once every year at least, to leave the streets and the shops to hear God speak in this nigh forgotten language of the hills and the sea. A vacation is not a privilege. It is part of the justice of God for his people and those of us who may have it this year should take it as an obligation to work the harder for others to have it, too. In so far as our modern civilization has cut away from these things, so far has it wronged us, and so far must we regain the greenwoods which can and were created for the refreshment of the spirit of man.

In other words, the greenwood of the earth and the greenwood of the heart belong to one world and not two. John Keble's hymn about "two worlds being ours" is hardly true to the fact. The outer world is just as much God's world as the inner. The old theology which consigned the earth to the devil, and gave only the spirit to God, is a theology which we have given up, and we need not speak as if this part of it were true. The God who created the soul also created the world about the soul; the God who gave the spirit also gave the body. It has often seemed to some, one of the most daring of Browning's words, but when he said that not only does the soul help the body, which is good orthodoxy in these days, but added that flesh helps soul, he was saying that which was just as true. The flesh was not created to tempt and destroy the soul, but to foster and cultivate the true expression of the soul. Let the will be on the throne of our lives and the flesh will obey it, and as it obeys so will it beautifully express and helpfully express all the feelings of the heart. We cannot do without either. One world is ours, a world of spirit and flesh. There was but one reason, one purpose in giving both. The greenwood of the heart was never thought of apart from the forest. Our mysticism is starved for its symbols and expression if we do not give it air and sunshine in the world of skies and things that grow in the earth.

But perhaps some will say: "Are you sure that the word of God from the greenwoods of the earth is as true and as beautiful a word as that which comes

from the heart? Is not the earth a rather terrifying place?" For example, here is Mr. Benson, writing in his "Upton Letters" of "the terrible mountains, so cold and unchanged, with their immemorial patience," adding that "all this depresses me." Some of you will add further, surely, after all we have heard lately, we can only say that the message of the sea is one of doom. How can there be communion with the ocean? Has not Byron rightly said,, "Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless and alone." It may be fascination, but is not its fascination more that of a siren and a lure?

"Ah, love, could you and I with him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire??"

The answer to this doubt has already been given if we have listened. It arises solely because we separate life into two worlds, when there is only one. We are not treating the works of God justly when we take but a part of them and judge them away from their context. The context of ocean and mountain and every terror in nature, thunder and lightning, storm and wreck, is the human heart and all its faith and hope. We are just as much a part of nature as the storm; the lightning is no more unnatural than our tears. And there has always been something, something natural in the heart of man which in all ages has been willing to say: "All thy works are good," something natural in human nature which has always found faith to believe that what we do not understand here is no argument against the goodness of this scheme of things. I only wish that I had the time for a more intimate knowledge of this world of ours, for I suspect that if we knew more of its laws we should find that much which to us is a faith could be changed into a fact, and the fiercest things be transformed into benevolence. For example, this is what I mean: We have called the sea a waste of waters and the winds that sweep over it to the destruction of vessels cruel and hard; but we can know now that this waste of waters is fuller of life than land or air, and the gardens below its surface are more beautiful than anything that can be seen on dry land. Its fierce tempests have goodness in their purpose. The fogs which brood its surface become rain clouds that water the earth; they were not created to confuse our seamen. The winds that furrow it into waves give healthful movement to the air, which but for them would become stagnant and death dealing, and it is the birthplace of that atmosphere without which there could not exist any life on this earth. Did it ever occur to you that the moon has no sea, and it is therefore a cloudless moon and therefore a lifeless moon? Life itself depends on cloud and fog, seas and storm. I say that I think if we knew more and were better acquainted with nature we should find all the way through this same beneficent purpose. Certain it is that all that our scientists find comes into harmony with such a good purpose, and in that our faith is strengthened and the whole world becomes a more beautiful place to dwell in. The greenwood of the heart and the greenwood of the earth are the temple of but one God, and his name is Love, the love that will not hurt needlessly or without reason, which never has pain as its end but only greater love.

Among the last things which Edward Everett Hale wrote was a word to the effect that he had ceased to believe in the beautiful theory about this being God's universe. He said that for him it was not a beautiful theory, but a fact. This is the world of a good God and we all are his children; some of us very weak, some of us showing our strength in weak ways, some of us busy helping the weak and many of us living as if there were no God singing to us in bird and sea, but all of us having somewhere within a greenwood of the soul that needs refreshment from time to time listening to sermons in stones and God in everything. I know that more people love Highland Park than love the Unitarian Church, or any church; that more today will seek the lakeside as such, than seek God as such; but that to me is not evidence of materialism, neither is it necessarily a fault in the people that seek such things. It may be a fault in the churches that instead of worshipping these beautiful summer mornings in the parks themselves, they try to call people to dark and close buildings. It may be a fault in the churches that they have not followed their Master to the seaside and hired a boat in which to speak to the people of the things of God. The miracle to me is not that the heart of the common man is made to rejoice at the sight of water and tree; the miracle to me is that so many people try any longer to sing at the sight of a robed priest, doling out in the name of every ism platitudes devoid of life. If miracles pass away with the ages of ignorance, I hope this miracle will pass away and we may worship God in spirit and in truth, not only in this mountain but wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of truth, beauty and goodness.

## CORRESPONDENCE

My Dear Unity:—

Please let me thank Dr. Gannett for his series of articles in review and appreciation of my little book of faith, "The Eternal Christ." Surely no reviewer was ever more gracious, none more fraternal in spirit, nor could any one have seen with clearer, truer insight what the writer tried to tell. If I had such words as his wherewith to thank him for an act so beautiful, so benign, and so brotherly withal, I would make haste to use them. These five sentences stand out from the page as worthy to be framed and hung up in the heart:

"The human consciousness of fellowship with the Eternal under any name may well hush words, still more hush argument and claim. Possession, not recognition, is the only thing important. If not recognized, the fault must surely be, in large part, our own. Given full possession, and before long spirit recognizes spirit."

Those are golden words; and they bring to mind those other words of William Penn, so dear to the heart of Lincoln, "that the meek, the just, the pious, the devout are everywhere of one religion, and when death hath taken off the masks of flesh they will know and love one another." Happily, we no longer have to wait for death to remove the masks, but are coming to see that, as Mark Rutherford said, "we are one in the human, the immense orthodoxy which lies beneath our differences." Indeed, it was a part of the thesis of my little book to show that, even when we use different phrases, we are all trying to tell, each in his own tongue, the one great story of the fellowship of our spirits with the Father of Spirits.

There is a center of light in which all high truth is visible, and Jesus lived at that center. Therefore, he throws light on everything, and everything throws light on Him. For me He is not simply a Fact in time, or a Force in history, but also, and much more, a Friend—and He becomes more so the further my feet journey inland in the isthmus of life. For many, faith is less easy as life becomes more real; but when I come to Him with deep and bitter questionings, a hush falls over me, and I know that He is questioning me. Then it is that my heart burns within me along the way, and His words, always wonderful in their depth and surprise, come home to me with vivid beauty that is not of earth, leaving a still singing in my heart —as if He were speaking them to me for the first time.

My Christ, while He is more human than any of us, out-tops humanity, and is more Divine than all the gods of whom man had dreamed before He came. If, when I look out upon the universe, now lucid and lovely, not dark and terrible, I can trust the Eternal Father over all and in all, even as a little child, it is because Jesus has taught me to do so, telling me of Him in His words and revealing Him to me in Himself. He is the Divine Reality, so far as I can know it, or need to know it, and I can imagine nothing more divine than the spirit that dwelt in Him. When I look closely at the ideal of my life, my dream, my hope, that which I pray to be and would willingly die to become, I find nothing to which it is more like than to Jesus.

Others may have other visions, seeing what it is not given me to behold—but I know that they are looking at the same Reality. Volumes cannot tell my indifference to the old debate between Liberal and Orthodox. I want to combine opposites, or, rather, find the way to a more inclusive and revealing vision in which they are seen to be one, and where both truths shall be held in grateful and rejoicing harmony. I want the old and the new, the ancient Gospel in the modern setting, and I lose something if I lose either. The middle path, if followed up to the mount of vision, leads to a splendid, spacious continent, much of it unexplored. So it is with me; and so I trust it will be till the season of my life declines, and Death hangs his sickle at my Garden Gate.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

---

Plans to completely restock all trout streams and lakes throughout the national forests of Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota, within a period of nine years, are well under way, as the result of the approval by the federal Bureau of Fisheries of a plan of operation prepared by the forest service. The Bureau of Fisheries has promised to furnish the necessary fish fry for distribution to the various forests, the shipments of fry to be directed to railroad stations nearest the waters to be stocked so that as many streams as possible may be supplied from a central point. The planting of all fry will be performed by forest officers who will keep close check on the results of the work.

## The Baroness Von Suttner

*Friedenswaite,* the German peace journal, with which the Baroness von Suttner was associated, devotes a memorial number to her life and work; and among the various tributes and reminiscences is the following, by Edwin D. Mead, written from London:

We first met the Baroness von Suttner at the Rouen Peace Congress in 1903. We saw much more of her at the Lucerne Congress in 1905; and at the close of that Congress she invited me to go to Vienna and speak about the peace movement in the United States before a large group of ladies and gentlemen whom she gathered at her home. One of the greatest joys which Mrs. Mead and I have had in our successive European visits has been in our meetings with her. We visited her in Vienna itself in 1911.

She first came to the United States in 1904 to attend the Peace Congress in Boston, where of course we saw much of her. Her presence was one of the notable features of that great congress. Her fame had preceeded her, her powerful book had been widely read, and her charming personality and her eloquent addresses, given in such clear and admirable English, made everywhere a deep impression. She spoke not only in Boston, but in many other of our large cities, where meetings were arranged in the days following the Congress.

Much more important, however, was her visit to the United States in 1912. She was with us for six months, and gave more than one hundred addresses. One of her first addresses was at the great convention of the American Federation of Women's Clubs at San Francisco, and we always remember with pleasure that it was at this convention that the great Federation, including a million American women, decided to make the peace cause one of its regular interests. Her lecture tour covered all parts of the country, and she received everywhere the warmest and most enthusiastic welcome. In the previous year Baron d'Estournelles de Constant had made a similar campaign in the United States, and the year before that Count Apponyi had visited us; but the interest in the Baroness von Suttner's visit was conspicuous.

In Boston, I remember with special interest her address on a Sunday morning in the church where Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whom we used to call the Nestor of the peace cause in America, preached so long. Baron d'Estournelles had previously spoken in the same church, and at both services Edwin Ginn, the dear friend of both of the distinguished peace advocates, was present. Mr Ginn's home was the home of the Baroness during her stay in Boston; and I recall one peculiarly happy evening when Mrs. Mead and I were there. It was our wedding anniversary, and my own birthday; and at the dinner table the Baroness insisted upon the observance of the beautiful German birthday custom and led the merry procession of the dear ones who laid their hands upon my head in blessing. In memory of the day she wrote her recognition of it upon a large, new picture of herself, which remains one of our choice treasures; and still more do we treasure the noble foreword which she wrote for Mrs. Mead's "Swords and Ploughshares," which was being printed at that very time.

I went to New York to speak at the farewell banquet given her there, and that was the last time I

saw her. But several letters came from her afterwards, and as I left Boston, the English edition of her last story, for the publication of which Mr. Ginn had arranged, was about to appear. Mr. Ginn had already published her Memoirs in America, and the work had everywhere been read with the deepest interest.

When we came over to the London Congress in 1908, at which the Baroness von Suttner herself was so conspicuous a figure, the first paper which we read when we landed in England bore the sad news of the death of Randall Cremer, who had been with the Baroness at the Boston Congress in 1904, and we attended his funeral at the Whitefield Tabernacle, whose noble pastor and great servant of our cause, Sylvester Horne, has just died in America. The sad news which meets us as we arrive now is that of the death of the Baroness von Suttner. Mr. Ginn, at whose home she spent so recently those happy days in Boston, has also gone on. Our brothers and sisters are rapidly falling at our side in the holy war against war which we are waging; and it is a call to all of us for renewed energy and valor.

To no other in this time has that holy war been holier or more imperative than to the Baroness von Suttner. Her devotion, her untiring service and her achievements have been amazing. Her monthly columns in *Friedenswaite,* to which so many of us turned with double interest because they were hers and seemed a personal message, were a noteworthy witness to the range and keenness of her observation and to her real statesmanship. She was seldom deceived, she never lacked courage, she was in high degree magnanimous, most generous toward her fellow-workers, and her confidence in the triumph of our great cause was complete and inspiring. History will pronounce it the greatest cause of the age, and will pronounce her one of its most impressive and memorable figures. In the midst of a life and social circumstances filled with every temptation to admire the military system and compromise with war, she penetrated their masks and threw her whole strong life and brilliant powers against the evil, in the prophetic service of a better era for mankind. That vision and that service made her great; and we in America rejoice that her noble service was rendered not only in her own Europe, but also in our great republic, and that we still hear ringing in our ears her high call to the United States for strong leadership in the holy war for a united world.

---

Results from western white pine plantations three seasons or more old show an average of 97 per cent success. On an average white pine soil planting can be conducted for from $5 to $6 per acre.

---

Forest botanists recognize only one cypress in the United States. Its range extends from Delaware southward around the coast into Texas and up the Mississippi valley to Illinois and Indiana. It is one of the few cone-bearing trees which drop their leaves in winter. The heartwood of cypress is noted for its decay-resistant properties.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

**Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture**

A Years Work
**In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.**

**1913-1914**

**Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman**

## XX.

## III. and IV. Maccabees

Text: *"Put praises in the mouth of those who are prostrate and broken in spirit, by granting us peace."*
III Maccabees.

*"They conquered the tyrant by their endurance."*
IV Maccabees.

To study the Apocryphal literature is to study a neglected field, so much the greater shame to the universities and colleges. Diligent and minute search has been made for any fragments of literature in the Greek and Roman traditions which have been conserved carefully by the classic student, and this is as it ought to be. But the 300 years or less, 200 B. C. to 100 A. D., was a period of intense intellectual activity, a period of great ferment among the Jews, the virility of which is sufficiently evidenced by the simple fact that it was the period that gave Christianity its rise. This period has been too much neglected by the Christian teachers, and to a degree by the Jewish masters. This period represents the intellectual life of Alexandria, and Alexandria was the Chicago of those days with Boston thrown in. It stood for the commercial enterprise of Chicago, the cosmopolitan character of its citizens, and it stood for the highest culture, the best brain,—if that is represented by Boston. It was the Harvard College of the time. The authorship of much of this literature is Jewish, having its rise in Alexandria, where there were more Jews at that time than in Jerusalem, and who were a deal more active and probably a deal more pious. It also represents the almost desperate effort of the scholars of that time to compel the young Jew to take note of his history, to be true to its traditions and help perpetuate its message.

There are certain pivotal names around which this literature centers. Enoch was a culture hero of the Jews, Daniel was another figure around which traditions and fables grew and Moses of course was always a name to conjure by.

This period is represented by the Massabean uprise and revolt, and today we will just glimpse at the two books known as the Third and Fourth Maccabees.

The First Maccabees is a rather cold, clear history of what was a heroic period in the time of the Maccabean uprising, which occurred during the second century B. C. The Second Book begins to be mythical and is a story of the brave resistance of Eleazer, the man who bit off his tongue rather than that it should be contaminated with pork, and of the brave mother whose seven sons were tortured for the same cause and she followed her sons.

The Third Book of Maccabees is not in the Apocrypha and is quite outside the realm of the Greek and Roman compliations designed to conserve in a way this literature between the Old and New Testaments. It is another book of hero stories of the same or more mythical period, compiled and written by some Alexandrian author, and for the purpose of quickening and inspiring the young Jews to loyalty.

The semi-historic background is the same as that of the Book of Wisdom. The Egyptian King Ptolemy finding the Syrian power weakened in Antioch, concluded his time had come to clear off old scores and extend the boundaries of his kingdom, so led his army northward and took Jerusalem on the way. He offered the Jews many indignities, but by a series of miraculous interventions on the wings of the pious prayers of the Jews he is cut off, a similar story to that of Heliodorus, who made an attempt to take the money from the Temple in Jerusalem.

Here is one story for the children, a characteristic folk lore tale, showing to what extent an uncritical people, even though literary, will accept a story of their own fabrication. Philopater had a vicious sister, Arsinoe, afterward his wife, who was responsible for a good deal of the trouble. She hated the Jews and persuaded Philopater to set up an image, which the Jews loathed, and word went forth that all Jews in the kingdom must bow before this pillar in front of the palace. Of course they would not do it. Only three hundred Jews in all the realm were sufficiently craven to bend the knee. This made Philopater very angry and he decreed that the Jews of the entire Egyptian realm should be brought to Alexandria in irons and an effort was made to register them, but they were so numerous that the supply of ink and paper gave out. They were then ordered to the Hippodrome. Hippodrome is a Roman word, probably unknown in the time of the Ptolemies, which word brings the date of the book down almost to the time of Jesus. The Jews were confined in the Hippodrome and the king ordered that the elephants which belonged to his retinue should be made drunk with wine and aromatic plants and turned loose on the Jews. The Jews went to praying and Philopater went to a banquet and drank so much that in answer to the prayers of the Jews he slept so long that he forgot about the elephants. A second time was set. This time the elephants were so drunk that the driver could not control them and they trampled the spectators and did not touch a Jew. My version is perhaps not exact, but this is the way the mother would tell it, a story with a thin historic background if any. You cannot make history out of it but you can find in it rich and beautiful literature.

There is here, as in so many of these books, a lofty strain of devotion. Someone might do a very beautiful thing for literature and religion and culture by running through this literature and compiling a collection of prayers coming to us from the generations immediately preceding and absolutely independent of the Christian Church, perhaps neglected even by the Jewish Church. However you may neglect or disbelieve in oral prayer, you like to read a good prayer, high thoughts thrown into noble phrases. You feed your own aspirations with other people's aspirations. The prayers that the author has put into the mouths of these manacled and fettered Jews in the Hippodrome are nobly devout, beautiful and oftentimes poetic.

The Fourth Book of Maccabees is still more obscure. It was really unearthed by Erasmus, the scholar of the Reformation, while mousing about the library at Cambridge. He brought this old book into the light and the first Latin edition was called "The Rule of Reason." It is a collection of the hero stories of the Maccabean period, a recapitulation.

The pagan world at this time was divided into two great schools, the Stoic and the Epicurean. The noblest pagan reaches of these times, or perhaps any time,—the noblest ethics or religion may be found in the Stoic philosophy. Stoicism represented the religion of self-control, the discipline of ethics. The four cardinal virtues of the Stoic are justice, courage, temperance and prudence, while the Epicurean insisted on using the good things of life, not abusing them. But the author of this litle book of Maccabees IV writes what is practically a Jewish sermon on these four virtues and teaches that they cannot be realized unless they are backed by the thought of God and the help of Jehovah. In order to enforce his sermon he illustrated it by citing the prudence and self-control of Joseph when he escaped the wiles of Potiphar's wife, and other Bible incidents, closing with his great illustration, Eleazar.

A mere system of ethics and morality untouched by sentiment and uninspired by the ideal, the notion of comradeship on earth and the upreach into the eternities, does not work, is not sufficient, you must have a plus to your religion.

These writings are interpretative of history, of humanity and human nature is ever interesting and inspiring.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Why is the study of period from 200 B. C. to 100 A. D. of value to Christianity?

(2) Contrast the content of first, second and third book of Maccabees.

(3) Tell story of Philopater.

(4) By whom was the lost Fourth Book of Maccabees discovered?

(5) Give subject of sermon found in this book.

QUESTIONS FOR BOOK OF JUBILEES.

(1) Why was the Book of Jubilees so named?

(2) What was the writer's purpose?

(3) Give an illustration of the writer's effort to change the Old Testament stories to suit his own higher ethical standard.

(4) Wherein does the book give evidence of the influence of the Far East?

---

There is a considerable amount of yew in California, and makers of bows are seeking material there for archery sets.

---

"To-day is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understandin; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know: it is a part of action, not of whining; it is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste." —*David Starr Jordan.*

## My Library—No. X.

No one has sounded the utmost depths of book-buying satisfaction, or has ever become recklessly intoxicated, as it is the right of every "Simon-pure" book-buyer occasionally to become intoxicated, who has not more or less availed himself of the opportunities afforded by "second-hand" dealers all unexpectedly to hit upon some choice, or a long wished for, volume, perhaps amidst loads of rubbish comprehensively despised, and especially to be so fortunate in the end as to have secured some "prize" at a fraction of the regular sales price, and afterwards perhaps to find it a much better specimen than it seemed! All this is something that one with full purse and who visits "legitimate" shops only has little conception of, and certainly has no right appreciation of, whatever. Or, again, to attend an auction and carefully bid on coveted lots, and at last find them struck off to you while still within your fixed limit. The pleasure of this, too, must be denied to all who have not been necessarily on a keen lookout for "bargains," and so prepared to enjoy to the full both them and the no less keen rivalry and ultimate success.

Of the latter sort of bibliophilic joy I have had very little, not having lived where book auctions have very frequently been held; in fact, only upon the occasional breaking up of a household. In a few instances, however, choice accessions have thus been secured, and always, of course, with corresponding satisfaction. But to the "second-hand" dealer, I must say that my soul has gone out many a time in most exultant gratitude for his fascinating catalogues and his lumbered shelves and his tantalizing "bargain counters," and even for all the dust and shabbiness in which one so often finds him and his stock immersed; to say nothing of the no less shabby sort of bargaining to which one must sometimes condescend before the coveted volume is secured, at any rate for what one is pleased so vituously to consider a "reasonable" price. From many an encounter of this sort have I emerged so covered with grime and other first-class bacterial "media," and withal so degraded in spirit at the miserable haggling to which I had been subjected, that I have righteously sworn I would never indulge in such orgies again; but, once really catch a genuine book buyer and book worshiper ever refusing to renew the scrimmage because of a single oath, no matter how righteous, and I doubt not the whole book world will totter to an unheard of and ignominious fall! You simply say, "I will not—not by St. ——, I'll not!" and then, after a few days, after the grime has been washed off, and the soul has likewise perhaps undergone a sympathetic bathing, back again comes the old hankering for just one more coveted volume, to say nothing of the excitement attending the securing it, perhaps unexpectedly run down, and the hope that just there or here a much needed author may be found in desirable form—one or all of these will be sure to return, and, until the accession is consummated, the infatuation, the browsing, the definite hunt will go on in spite of righteous or any other resolutions,—go on until, oh, joy! the volume lies safe in your trembling hand, and you yourself are once more on the top shelf of your bibliophilic heaven! Blessed is the man or woman who can go through numerous such scenes and trials and yet not eventually become absolutely buried beneath an ever-increasing accumulation of "firsts," and "choices," and "great bargains," and whatnots unspeakable! Unto him who does thus escape, however, or survive, be all the peace! A blessed peace that I am sure no ordinary mortal can possibly understand! As for me—I'll try again!

And who could possibly have been more fortunate than I, in my very first venture in the second-hand field of book offerings! A local circulating library whose proprietor had tired of was thrown most recklessly, as it seemed to me, upon an absolutely sluggish market. In fact I had all one summer in which to make my selections, and the prices seemed disreputably low. To be sure, most of the volumes showed every evidence of severe handling and wear; but the contents had been very generally allowed to remain in fine condition, and altogether it was an opportunity for the insatiate book lover seemingly not to be neglected. And so hour after hour did I steal from more "serious business" to rummage about among stacks of novels too shabby to hold together, multitudinous "reports" upon everything imaginable that was scarcely worth the trouble, some histories and biographies and essays that had evidently strayed into the medley, mostly unawares, and lots of "poetry" that Samantha Allen's "Josiah" would probably have appreciated almost as well as his own. But when I could thus secure such volumes as "Wool Gathering" and "Country Living and Country Thinking," by Gail Hamilton, or "Anne," by Miss Woolson, or "Levana" and "Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces," by Jean Paul, or "Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," Greeley's "My Busy Life," Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography," John Woolman's "Journal," to say nothing of two or three of the novels each of Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, and Dr. Holland, as well as other volumes of the same stamp, not now recalled, there was no reason why I should let shabbiness any more than cheapness interfere with my thus opportunely enriching My Library with worth-while matter, and to an extent never before dreamed of. Those were exciting days, it may be believed; glad, glowing, strengthening days, too, never forgotten and never unthanked. It was an introduction, too, into the until then undiscovered country where books were, comparatively speaking, within reach of all, a realm that I have often since explored, and with results that I am as proud of as I am thus by so much the richer in desirable accessions. The second-hand bookshelf is not to be despised simply because its holdings seem not always as fresh as those from its first-hand neighbors. Some of my very best accessions could not have reached me except through its humble yet most serviceable offices, and—never in better condition.

And so I gladly remember my first venture. As I noted my scanty shelves filling up, and as I stole time to read the new-old volumes, not only did the joy of acquisition overtake and hold me, but the greater rather more familiar joy of self-expression so stir within my consciousness, that almost as never before did I become thoroughly possessed by the feeling that, as the years were surely to come, so should I just as surely rely more and more upon books for what best suited my idiosyncrasy. And especially did all this insight and its satisfaction increase when I came to read what probably was my very best picking from the whole lot, namely, Goethe's "Truth and Poetry," in the Bohn edition, and so much battered, not from

reading evidently as from rough handling, that it was one of my very last selections, and then largely from curiosity alone,—or perhaps more truthfully because again of Carlyle's essays on German literary men,—upon Goethe, not only, but Schiller, Richter, Novalis, and all the rest. This leads me to say that possibly were one to look the world of letters over, one would scarcely discover a better introduction to German literature all told than these very same essays that invited my own attention so definitely and so influentially. At any rate, as I lived with Goethe through all his childhood and his mother-and-home life; through his youthhood and the successive loves and flirtations of his "Wanderlehre," and his associations with people good and great and otherwise distinctive; through his studies of human life and his personal relations with them; through his reflections, his hopes, his fears; in fact, through all his innumerable attempts to embody and respond to the spirit of culture in his own development, I seemed in some way to be getting acquainted with one of my own kin, and to be having the sage experience and leadership of an older brother, as it were, in helping me to see my own way through the labyrinths of feeling and thought and especially of outlook, which at the time were day after day proving to be more than ever perlexing and sometimes discouraging.

It was from Goethe, too, that I got the stimulating notion that no real effort at growth, either in mind or soul, no real effort at doing good, no matter how unfruitful at the time, can ever really be lost in the natural order of either the universe or human life. For him the law seemed to be, Do all you can, as well as you can, when you can; and you may be sure the result will turn out to be indisputable evidence of your effort, as well as a most surely unqualified promotion of your eternal happiness. Perhaps I didn't read him quite understandingly; perhaps I then idealized Goethe altogether too absolutely; perhaps I simply appropriated "that only which my spirit longed for." Let it stand thus: I still know of no better basis for a life creed, either practical or theoretical, than what apprently I got from Goethe; and, seemingly, my whole life since then has been most satisfactorily based upon the stimulating idea that, no matter how dark or discouraging life might be or become, I was ever to live on, cultivate myself on, love on, never to be over hurried and never wasteful of time; and that in this I would be "doing the will" which eventually would result in a vision of the right "doctrine," in its fullest sense. Not so much as a hero did Goethe come to me, or has ever been to me, as a gardener who sowed precious seed, and had more than ordinary knowledge of how to prune and to reap and to enjoy the best that life affords.

Later, when I came to read Goethe's novels, especially "Wilhelm Meister," and later still his poem, "Faust," I more thoroughly than ever realized that here was a man who, if not always convincingly sure as to detail, was certainly to be trusted as to the principles which are most fundamental to the welfare of human life. That the *un*growing man or woman is the lost one, is now a truism of my most serious conviction; that the highest duty of everyone is to do everything which will most favor the development of every inborn capacity, is the corollary that admits of no *reductio ad adsurdum* in my mind, even now. Since my conviction of this, My Library has been built upon and around this central idea almost exclusively; and all concerning me personally that is now most worth while, has, it seems to me, been mostly based upon it. Not, however, as Faust built, in order that he could know everything primarily or chiefly for the sake of knowing, or reach utmost fulfilment of joy; but in order that I might be wiser, stronger and better, and that the world in general might thus be just so much the richer, and every individual whom I in any way might touch be consequently helped by just so much the more, and be better able to realize the life that has been given him. Continually and persistently to endeavor to grow for the sake of a better usefulness, and to be all that one can be for the sake of all that one can do, is the lesson that was inspired by Goethe, and has since been proven by all that is well and good in whatever I have since read and lived.

> "All things through thee take nobler form,
> And look beyond the earth."

is what my soul really says whenever I read or think upon Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

My approach to Jean Paul had been made the year before, as had been the case with Goethe, through the pages of Carlyle's two essays, in which most readers at that time first found their knowledge of the subject, and with which I fear the majority stopped all too short. Yet if one can ever read these glowing pages without becoming enamored of Richter, he has certainly little responsiveness to anything that is truly worth while in literature. As I read them again, I feel almost all the old stir and avidity, and am resolved to read "Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces," "Titan" and "Hesperus" once again, and even more thoroughly than ever, and shall hope to add "Campaner Thal" as a new venture to the list. To be sure, I hope I shall make better work of it than I did at twenty-five, and get more than then out of this most wonderful "tissue of metaphors and similies and allusions to all the promises of Earth, Sea and Air, intersticed with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts or sardonic turns, interjections, quips, puns, and even oaths," as Carlyle has so hilariously put it. Yet I must not let myself get discouraged if I still find it all "a mighty maze," or realize that "often the fainting reader toils after him in vain; or, baffled and spent, indignantly stops short and retires perhaps forever." No, this must not be; no retiring from the pages of him who in his autobiographical fragment affirms that "faint, then, invisible sounds bear and harbor whole worlds for the heart, and are in themselves souls for the soul," even as "we everywhere observe with what innumerable satisfactions and conveniences God arms and furnishes man upon his path of life." It seems much more certain to me now than of old that one who, as Richter did, and says, "loves green earth with her streams and forests, her flowery leas and eternal skies, loves her with a sort of passion, in all her vicissitudes of light and shade, his spirit revels in her grandeur and charms; expands like the breeze over wood and lawn, over glade and dingle, stealing and giving odors," must of a surety be able to yield much of his own spirit to the earnest seeker, and to be a revealer of many sacred things of the innermost life of nature, and of man as well. If so why "retire" from him or even neglect him?

Along with Jean Paul Richter and by the same way came Schiller. Yet not alone in Carlyle's "Essays," but in his more extended "Life," as well as in the pages of Louise Mulbach's novel, "Goethe and Schiller," which to me was of absorbing interest from beginning to end. Indeed, at this period of my introduction to the Weimer group of Great Germans, everything appertaining to anybody associated therewith was of such a fresh and inspiring order that again the pity is, as it had been many years before with Shakespeare, that I did not have the opportunity and the helps most needed for obtaining a more satisfactory acquaintance with them all—even in the originals rather than in translations. Fortunate, indeed, however, was I that I had them at all, if second-hand, and that, sponge-like, I absorbed something at least from translations of every one of them, and thus was able to get various increments of "culture" in spite of a fate so perverse.

As I think of it now, Schiller has after all been simply one of the "left-overs," whom I was sometime to cultivate more closely when opportunity offered, and who as yet remains almost an entire stranger, so much so that I have to confess to having never even yet read "The Maid of Orleans" or "William Tell." Perhaps, however, these are to be of the great feast for the coming years; for, as I think of Schiller's personal hardships and strenuous adventures, I feel assured that he must have wrought much out from the crude ores of life that will be well worth looking upon. Besides this, there is one of his experiences, the one where, while nearly starved in body, and of course degraded in mind, he received an invitation to visit Jena, an invitation which led him to expect that he would be given a lucrative position, or at least much needed pecuniary relief, but which resulted in his actually being given a—"diploma"!—something which seemingly served neither his soul nor his body,—an experience that has stood out so vividly in my mind all these years that I now discover a sympathy so deep that surely I ought not in simple justice to myself to allow any sort of negligence to so despicably interfere with a closer acquaintance. Craving bread and being offered stones, is certainly common enough; absolute need, even of the fruits of the earth, and being given thistle-down in the shape of diplomas, though possibly not so common, is yet just about as ironical and cruel. However, the Schillers the world over all live on and work on, nevertheless; and the world lets them; and perhaps this, after all, is the very best it can do!

*Utica, N. Y.* SMITH BAKER.

## More Summer Books

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I get a collection of books that makes some of the hot hours very comfortable on my veranda in my hammock. The one that I recommend highly for shaking off care and breaking up troublesome thought is "Ezekiel Expands," by Lucy Pratt. I am down here among the darkies now, and I tell you this is a genuine piece of work.

Right with it, place "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White. "The First Step" means a whole lot of steps; when she begins to repair her house; where a carpenter and a plumber and an architect lead her into complications which are very unexpected and surprising, but end in a delightful romance. This book will go right with the previous one, and give you a lot of pleasure.

The next one on the list is "Clarke Field," by Robert Herrick. This book is a bit of backward looking, as far back as the old play fields of boyhood. It is by Robert Herrick, whose writings I do not always like. This volume I am bound to like, because next summer I will publish a book on "Old Farm Days"; enjoying myself in the dear old home of boyhood.

"Overland Red" is a romance of the Moonstone Canon Trail, and pleases me immensely, because I specially like these wild west scenes—that are all gone by.

The last one in this pile from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is "The Precipice," by Elia Pettie. I have not had time to finish this book, but I reckon it is worth the reading. If it is I will talk of it again some other day.

E. P. POWELL.

## THY KINGDOM COME.

(*Tune, "Forward Be Our Watchword," Hymn* 414, *Church Harmonies New and Old.*)

Rise and greet the morning,
Children of the light,
Night and darkness scorning,
See the east all bright;
O'er the hill-tops glowing,
Joyous flames the day,
Faith and hope bestowing,
On our brightening way.
Rise and greet the kingdom,
Forth to meet the king,
Hail the heavenly heralds
Who glad tidings bring.

Rise, ye watchers, keeping
Vigil all the night,
Faithful and unsleeping,
With the God of right;
Now with banners waving,
Prophets of the day,
Evil's hosts outbraving,
Comes the King's array.
Rise and greet them thronging
Down the King's highway,
Bringing joy for longing,
Ending evil's day.

Soon o'er all victorious,
Death and doubt and sin,
To their ranks all glorious,
They shall gather in
All the sons of sorrow,
Prisoners of pain,
In that shining morrow,
When Christ comes again.
Rise and greet the legions
Who shall end the thrall,
Of the utmost regions,
Bringing life to all.

—*John Coleman Adams.*

Western yellow pine cones to the amount of 6,377 bushels, obtained on the Bitterroot national forest, Montana, yielded 9,482 pounds of seed. The average cost of the extracted seed was 41 cents per pound.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

**The Unity Publishing Company**

**Abraham Lincoln Centre**

**$2.00 PER ANNUM**

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."*

# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."*

## A ROCHESTER LETTER.

Dear UNITY:

Last summer I sent a little pamphlet containing one of our sermons as a summer greeting to our parish, which is scattered from July till September. At our last service this year the sermon was on "The Greenwood of the Heart," a phrase I have borrowed from Alfred Noyes' wonderful little poem, "The Outlaw." This year I want this sermon to go as the midsummer greeting, so I am sending it to you and am enclosing our parish list, for you to send a copy of the UNITY in which you print it to each member, not that they shall receive the regular greeting only, but shall in addition to this see UNITY, which I know is taken in very few of our church homes. So many of Mr. Gannett's best words appear in UNITY that I think that it will need little persuasion with some of our members to become regular subscribers if they are asked, or their attention is drawn to it. With best summer wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN A. RUMBALL.

*Leafy Lodge, Glenora, N. Y., July 14, 1914.*

## THE TOWER HILL LETTER.

The Tower Hill Summer School opened on Sunday the 19th with an afternoon meeting in the Emerson Pavilion. The young ladies had gathered clusters of wild flowers for the occasion, and the pavilion looked festive, with black-eyed susans and wild geraniums everywhere. Listeners came from all the countryside, so that Mr. Jones spoke to a considerable crowd. The introductory service began with hymns, and a violin selection from one of the Tower Hill guests. Then came Mr. Jones' sermon, for which he chose the text: "And Seeing the Multitude." He spoke first of the polyglot character of this "multitude"—"crowd," as we say on week days. It was made up of Jew and Gentile, Pharisees, Sadduccees, Greeks, Romans, and many more, and all manner of sects, each with its modern parallel, it was not unlike the mixture of races and creeds of which our modern America is made up. He spoke of the radical character of Jesus' message, as it struck upon the ears of all these various sorts of believers and nonbelievers. Then he went on to say that the influences that had made this "crowd" what it was, are very largely expressed in the song and story of the three hundred years between the close of the period recorded in the Old Testament and the beginning of the Christian era. This literature, so often ignored by Protestants, if not utterly unknown, he hoped to open up for us in the study of the next few weeks.

The classes proper began on Monday morning. Miss McMinn has her class for nature study in the early morning, but the students are so imbued with the spirit of the science, and so fascinated by the pursuits of varieties and specimens of the trees they are studying, that they are seen at all sorts of odd hours outside of study hours, tramping the woods with field glasses and notebooks. A swarm of bees chose this time to settle under the eaves of one of the cottages; and nothing could have been more opportune for the students of the woods.

The class in Apocryphal Literature meets later in the morning, Mr. Jones having declared that he would put it late so that the dinner gong would prevent him from talking overtime. But from the members of the class we hear nothing but that the time is all too short, for the lectures and the discussions are absorbing.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings have been chosen for the reading and discussion of the modern poets. Tuesday Mr. Jones read several selections from Miss Rittenhouse's collection, "A Little Book of Modern Verse." It was particularly interesting, for Miss Zona Gale had marked her favorites, and noted the names of those poets who, she thought, fulfilled the requirements of a true poet of the twentieth century. It was left us to compare with her decisions after further reading. The last poem read, which Mr. Jones pronounced the gem of the selection for him, Robert Haven Schauffler's "Scum of the Earth," which led to a few minutes of talk about Immigration, in which every one had his or her say, from the point of view of conservative, teacher or "anti." Mr. Jones clinched the argument by his declaration that he was one of those very immigrants and spoke from first hand knowledge. Thursday evening we heard Alfred Noyes' graphic, heart-breaking "Winepress," with its cry for peace as the only real form of brotherhood. It left us harrowed—but resolved more than ever to do our part. Next week we are promised Whitman and Browning. Great times!

JEAN RUSSELL.

*Tower Hill, July 25, 1914.*

## THINKING.

MAETERLINCK AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

Maeterlinck has been describing a recent visit to the "thinking horse" of Elberfeld, of which we have heard so much lately, and the animal's intelligence has stimulated afresh the sense of wonder which his patient and loving study of flowers and bees first awakened. As usual, he expresses himself in beautiful and suggestive language, and is evidently fascinated with the idea that horses, and all other living things, may possess "a sense analogous to that which lies buried under the veil of our reason." "We might almost believe," he says, "that a shudder of awakening, never before experienced, is spreading itself over every living thing, that a new force and impatience is vivifying the spiritual atmosphere and is making itself felt in the animal world as well. A new word goes from mouth to mouth, and the same manifestations come from all corners of the world to force themselves upon our attention. It is as if the dumb and stubborn spirit of the universe, which has hidden itself in busy silence, from the silence of the stones, flowers, and insects to the silence of the stars—as if this spirit is at last to betray some secret, through which we shall learn to know it better, or through which it will learn to know itself."—*The Inquirer*, London, July 4, 1914.

## 17 PERFECT BABIES OUT OF 100,000.

The *Woman's Home Companion* has been conducting a series of Better Babies contests throughout the United States. Over 100,000 babies have been examined and scored by physicians using the standard score-card. In its August issue the *Woman's Home Companion* prints pictures of 17 babies in various parts of the United States who have scored perfect when judged by the rigid tests of the Better Babies standard score-card. These children represent the ideal which every mother of a child would like to realize, and yet the Better Babies Bureau does not consider the finding of this group of perfect babies its highest achievement. The work of which the Better Babies Bureau is most proud is that of helping the mothers of babies who are not perfect, to correct all possible defects in physical development, diet, and general care, and to give their babies a better opportunity to grow up into strong and healthy men and women.

### LILLIAN RUSSELL TO BEAUTY SEEKERS IN CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Drink and be ugly!

Drink and you'll disfigure your face with pimples and blotches!

Drink and your eyes will become bloodshot and bleary!

Drink and your nose will become red and unsightly!

Drink and your skin will become sallow or purple bloated!

Drink and you'll get dark circles or unesthetic puffs under your eyes!

Drink and you'll suffer from indigestion, headaches and biliousness!

Drink and you'll get heart trouble and Bright's disease!

Drink and you'll make a nervous wreck of yourself!

Drink and you'll ruin your temper!

Drink and you'll lose your self-respect!

Drink and you'll lose your senses and make a fool of yourself!

Drink and become maudlin and you'll be disgustingly revolting!

Drink and you'll make a loathsome picture of yourself!

Drink, your power to work is gone!

Drink and that is the end of you—your friends and family will be ashamed to claim you!

Drink persistently—even though the quantities taken be small—and you pay the price in ugliness.

### THE PROFITS IN APPLE-GROWING

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*, T. Greiner, the well-known gardening expert, says:

"Professor Hedrick of the Geneva (N. Y.) Station has kept careful account of the cost of growing apples, and of the profits, under intelligent management. The net income from the orchard averaged during the ten-year test period $93.74 per acre, equal to 18¾ per cent on a $500 investment. He expects the orchard to do as well or better during the next twenty years. Probably this is above the average. 'Many are losing; a few are winning. Just as in most other enterprises.'"


**RAISE PIGEONS**

**They Pay Dollars while Chickens Pay Cents**

The young, 20 to 25 days old, sell for 40 to 60 cents each (according to the season). The city markets are always clamoring for them.

**Each pair of Pigeons will raise 18 to 22 young a year**

They will clear you, above all expenses, $5.00 a year per pair. They breed the entire year. Twenty minutes daily will care for 100 pairs.

**Always penned up out of the way Very small space required**

All this is fully explained in this month's issue of our Journal; send for it; price 10 cents.

**Reliable Squab Journal • Versailles, Mo.**

**FONGER'S Sanitary Bakery**

**Special Orders**

**Cakes and Pies of All Kinds**

**3852 Cottage Grove Ave.** Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014

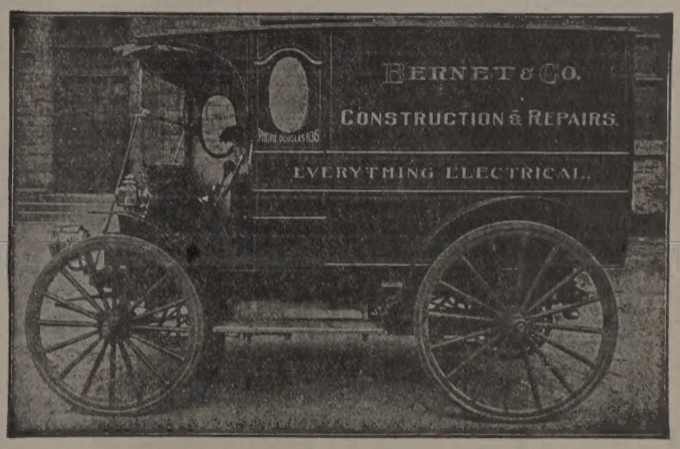
**R. FRANZ**

**Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats**

**Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season**

**732-734 East 39th St.** Chicago

Prompt Service




Best Workmanship

**4532 St. Lawrence Avenue** Phone, Drexel 1435

**DREXEL STATE BANK**

**Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard**

**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00**

A bank for the residents of this Section. More convenient than down-town—just as secure.

**Bowman Dairy Company**

**MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY**

**Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk**

**DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU? WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?**

**4221-4229 State Street**

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

DAIRY FARM

Sausage

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Avenue
H. F. EGGERS
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES

FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White

AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

24 West Lake Street GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Schumann & Co.

CLEANERS OF

*Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves*

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone, Drexel 231
*All departments*

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalog address, The Registrar, Meadville Theological School

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney

288 Summit Ave.

ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.